

## Capercaillie "Bonaparte"

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O gu sunndach mi air m' astar,  
Falbh gu siubhlach le bheag airtneul,  
Do a chomhrag ri Bonaparte,  
'S e bha bagairt air Rìgh deors'.  
Illean chridheil, bitheamaid sunndach,  
Seasaibh onoir ur duthcha,  
Fhad's a mhaireas luaidh is fudar,  
De rud chuireadh curam oirnn?  
Chan eil gealtachd nan gnuis-san,  
Cha toir iad grunn do luchd a' bhosd.

Luchd nan osan gearr 's nam feileadh,  
Cota sgarlaid orr' mar eideadh;  
Gum bu ghasd' iad an am eirigh -  
'S iad nach geilleadh an deidh an leon.

Ann am Bruxelles a chaidh innse  
Gun robh Frangaich tigh'nn nam miltean:  
'S cha bhreug huam gur h-i an fhirinn,  
'S iomadh fear bhios sint' gun deo.

Nam biodh againn, mar bu dual dhuinn,  
Lann Chinn-Ilich air ar gualainn,  
Sgoilteamaid an cinn gun cluasan,  
Gam bualadh le smuais nan dorn.

Bonaparte

I'm happy on my journey,  
Travelling swiftly without flagging,  
Heading off to do battle with Bonaparte,  
He it was who threatened King George.

Brave lads, let's be merry,  
Stand for the honour of your country,  
As long as lead and powder last,  
What could worry us?  
Cowardice is not in their countenance,  
They will never give ground to the boasters.

Men of the short hose and the kilts,  
With their uniforms of scarlet coats;

Splendid they were in attack -  
They would never yield though wounded.

In Brussels it was told  
That the French were coming in their thousands:  
I tell no lie but the truth,  
any a man will be stretched out without breath of life.

If we only had, as was hereditary to us,  
The great broadsword with Islay-wrought hilt on our  
shoulders,  
We'd split their heads to their ears,  
Pounding them with the smashing of our fists.

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